

# The Hoodoo

By E. S. Bladen

(Copyright, by J. B. Lippincott Co.)

In the year 1890 the United States sloop-of-war Ganges came into the port of Philadelphia with two slaves she had captured and 150 negro men and women, entirely naked, were accommodated in Independence hall, where an appeal was made to citizens to clothe them, to which there was a prompt response.

These negroes were chiefly Mandingos, tall, well-formed, and with beautiful bronze skins, prisoners-of-war to the neighboring tribes, who sold them. Among the lot there were a few Congos. They and their descendants never left Philadelphia, and between the latter and southern negroes there is an antipathy as strong as death.

Having been for the most part adopted by the members of the Society of Friends, they and their descendants became imbued with the domestic virtues and acquired quite elegant and aristocratic manners. Among them alone of all the colored population of the United States is to be found an occasional negro old maid. While they intermarried with one another, in the first generation there were seldom more than two or three children in a family, and in the third generation but one. Though not church people, as are the majority of the colored race, they have mild festivities in their own circle and a sort of community of feeling that induces them to take care of their old or sick, but the most remarkable characteristic is that some of them possess the art of hoodoo.

Where an isolated descendant of these 150 negroes of the year 1890 has not attained a competence, she usually attaches herself to a white family of good birth, and hoodoo not only her employers, but the whole neighborhood. Guests, business people, and



Had Often Seen the Clock Going Over the Back Fence.

strangers alike succumb to the military eye of the Hoodoo priestess.

One of the most remarkable experiences of my life is how I came under this influence; but some 20 years since, finding it could be made beneficial by keeping the possessor of this gift always supplied with an abundance of fruit, especially bananas, I sank my personality and became an observer in this by-way of science.

Dr. Wilson of the Pennsylvania museum, says that hypnotism is merely fear, adding many interesting instances of the same, and it may be that the domestic hoodoo is founded upon such a basis. But what is there in a respectable-looking colored woman to bring various nationalities of men, women, and children under subjection? Even a horse maliciously nibbling a tree on the front pavement, listening to the "mantrims" she pronounced against his race, trotted off instantly and apparently warned all other horses, since no second one has attempted a trespass.

The most remarkable power possessed by this conjure queen is that of telepathically calling other colored women for work or for society. Often quite early in the morning she will announce:

"I tell languid. Cannot work today, but will call Hannah." Then to the dog:

"Go out and stay in the yard, so you can tell me when Hannah comes."

The dog obeys, and in a few moments loud barking indicates that Hannah is at the gate. After another little nap the edict goes forth—

"Henrietta had better bring home my dress," and before many minutes the neat little colored dressmaker trots in with profuse apologies and the new gown. Next it occurs to her that her clock is either too fast or too slow, so she goes to the fence and summons the householder on the other side to regulate it for her, which he agrees to do with the greatest politeness.

I had so often seen the clock go over the back fence that once I ventured to ask if Mr. Moss were a clock-maker.

"Oh, no," said the conjure queen, "he only fixes clocks for me."

"Don't you ever pay him?" "Pay him!" she snorted, and gave a withering glance before which I fled. On a sharp winter morning she announced: "The pipes are frozen and I am having water carried in."

From across the alley came a line of boys, girls and an Italian woman bringing up the rear, with pailers, buckets and jugs. Mattie stood with her hands folded and her head thrown back marshaling them with her military eye. All bowed profoundly as she closed the gate on them after their services.

She is a tall woman and, summer or winter, always dresses in white, which is to say, wears a voluminous white apron completely covering her skirt and white kerchief crossed over her breast, the whole surmounted by a white cap.

Hardly had she solved the water problem when some carts arrived with coal from the mines, and these having no chutes, the question was how the coal was to be got into the cellar. Voicing this anxiety, Mattie waved me indoors.

"Drive up, son," she commanded, and loosing her was an Irishman and might brain her with his shovel, I retreated to a parlor window, whence I saw the cart drivers shoveling all the loads across the wide pavement and doing various other services which were certainly not in the contract.

I had long observed that market people, grocers, etc., would never differ with her even when they were right and she had been mistaken, and asking one with whom I was friendly why this was, he said: "Oh, there is no use in making her mad, she is queer."

Believing that a happy life consists in a prudent compromise, I ignored many of the mysteries, but one day I saw Mattie walking in the front door with a nicely browned chicken on a plate in her hand.

"I never cooked on a gas-stove before," she remarked, smiling, "so I went into Bedelia's and made her let her help me." Bedelia was a first-class cook from Ireland, and this was wash-day, yet the conjure queen still lived. It was said that Bedelia was quite weak and nervous, however.

It would seem as though this hoodooist can call telepathically nearly every one she has seen or talked to. One Saturday afternoon she felt the need of a plumber. Very shortly a plumber's boy came walking in. He said he would turn the water off and make repairs on Monday.

"You will fix it now," decided Mattie, and he did, though he lost his half holiday.

One day, feeling the need of fashionable society, the conjure queen asked my opinion as to whether a certain Miss Lou or a Mrs. Turner would most enliven her. I thought Mrs. Turner would be the most elegantly attired, but she was at Atlantic City.

"She'll have more news, so she'll have to come up," decided Mattie, and sure enough, about 7 p. m. Mrs. Turner arrived in black silk and rhinestones. I heard her say quite excitedly: "What is the matter? You kept calling and calling all afternoon, until I just had to drop everything and jump on the five o'clock train."

Except long silences with folded hands and bowed head there are no external indications of this occult power, though as a weather prophet she is infallible in prediction and has a knowledge of sun, moon and stars, and their movements which would put a high school graduate to the blush.

**Biting the Nails.**

There has been issued from the Paris press a brochure which created a large amount of interest in French medical circles, both on account of its originality and the experimental results which it embodies. It is from the pen of Dr. Edgar Berillon, so well known in the surgical world by reason of his connection with Charcot in the latter's hypnotic experiments, and as secretaire general de la Société d'Hypnologie et de Psychologie of Paris, and medical inspector of the state lunatic asylums. The work is a scientific treatise on onychophagia, or finger biting, and contains the results of a series of observations in the public and private schools of France, and extending through a period of more than seven years. In his thorough scientific treatment of what the world has never before considered worthy of prolonged or special study Berillon arrived at results really remarkable. His experiments led him to pronounce the habit far more widespread and pernicious than others promptly treated, and forced him to conclude that, if not a disease itself, it is an unfailing mark of incipient degeneration of the nervous system, which, unrecognized, may be productive of the most evil results.—Dundee Advertiser.

**Refuge for Men Over Fifty.**

However, the proper place for every man of 50 who has not acquired a competence is the country—the land. On the land, he can, if he wishes, be independent of everybody. And he can get to the land, and make a living off it, if he has enterprise enough to entitle him to any sort of consideration.

# The Marriage Vow

## MANAGING TYRANNICAL HUSBAND

BY MRS. VIRGINIA VAN DE WATER.

What about the man who is masterful and domineering? How is his wife to treat him?

If she would not lose her own and her husband's respect, she will not quarrel, will not scold, will not nag. She need not resort to means which are beneath the dignity of a refined woman.

Let the wife appreciate that she is her husband's equal, his friend, his partner—not his slave nor his toy. She must also have such love for him that when an issue of no import arises, and he asks in a kind, considerate way that he have things as he wishes them, she will gladly yield to his desires. It is a safe rule for married life that, except in a matter of principle, if one must yield it should be the wife. But let her do it through love, not through slavish obedience, and let it be only in matters in which the man has a right to make demands.

The main point is not what is asked by the man, but how it is asked. We have not so much to do with the matter of the demand as with the manner of it. Every dutiful wife has a right to exact a courteous manner and gentlemanly speech from her husband.

To attain this end she will discourage at the outset any rough language. One bride, within a month of her marriage, showed with gentle dignity that she would allow nothing but courteous treatment from her husband. They were entertaining a few friends in their new home. The bride made a statement which the husband contradicted. She hesitated a minute, then said, gently:

"John, I think that was the way that happened. I may, however, be mistaken."

The savage, latent in every man springs—as is frequently the case, without sufficient cause—to the front.

"Mistaken? You are not only mistaken, but you are talking like a fool!"

The thoroughbred wife controlled all evidence of agitation except her rising color. Tactfully changing the subject, she chatted pleasantly on until the last guest had departed. Then, as her husband, forgetful of what had happened, and quite his usual good-natured self again, turned to her with a smiling remark, she said quietly:

"John, dear, there is a little matter I want to talk to you about. Sit down, please, here on the sofa, by me."

And as he, wondering at her gravity, followed her suggestion, she continued:

"Dear, you know that I love you, and that I would bear anything that was necessary for you. But there is one unnecessary thing that I cannot promise to bear, and that is rudeness. I am not used to it. I married a gentleman, not a boor. So, John, dear, you must not speak to me again as you did to-night, if I am to continue to love you and respect you. You and I are equals, husband and wife, not master and slave. I know you did not mean what you said. But you cannot say such things to me. I could not resent it where our guests were. But it cut me—and, dear, it disappointed me. I am sure, knowing this, you will not make that mistake again."

But suppose he is, at heart, the beast above suggested. Only one course remains. When wifely tact, love and pleading, followed by judicious silence, have availed naught, let the wife systematically set about learning not to care.

I see the shudder of shocked dismay with which the model matron meets this suggestion. But I still maintain my stand. When a wife has done her duty toward her husband—falling in nothing that can make him happy and comfortable—and he still treats her brutally, complains continually, is perversely unjust to her, and eternally nags at her, let her summon all her tact to avoid occasions for "the enemy to blasphemy," continue to do her duty, and then gather up what is left of her life. There is something in life besides a husband and a husband's approval. Let our disappointed wife live for them and in them. Let her allow the side of her heart with which she would grieve over her husband's injustice be so full of that which is worth all of life that she cannot take time to brood over her great sorrow. She still owes the man her duty, her fidelity, and, if she be a good woman, she will pay what she owes to the uttermost farthing.

Can she be happy? That depends upon the woman. If she be one of the women of whom the Irishman spoke as "three-shaves mother," she will be almost content. The part of her that longs for husbandly sympathy, for the ideal understanding that may and does exist in some lives, will go to her grave hungering. Many widows know the same longing, the same heart-hunger. To the sensitive soul their lot may seem easier than hers. Ah, well! for both there is a world that sets this right!

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

## "MAKING UP" THE CURE

BY CHARLES FREDERICK GOSS, D. D.

(Author of "The Redemption of David Carson," "The Loom of Life," Etc.)

I have heard married folks affirm with great solemnity: "We never had a quarrel." But I always wonder if they do not mean a "fight." That is easy enough, of course; but a "quarrel!" How in the world can two people with any force of character and any strong convictions about life get along for a quarter of a century or more without some sort of clash that produces estrangement and altercation? They surely must be angels—or rabbits!

Fatigue brings on quarrels. So don't get overtired unless you have to. The whole world looks so dark to a woman when she has washed and ironed and baked, all in the same day. Every bone in her body aches. There is a numbness in the base of her brain. Her head throbs. The slightest noise goes through her nerves like the firing of a cannon. Poor old John! If he happens to forget the oysters to-night he is liable to hear from it. For Mary isn't herself.

Worry brings on quarrels. If John has a note coming due, or has just received a bill which he had forgotten all about, or has had a strike in his mill, he hardly knows the difference between a kiss and a cuff. So don't worry.

A thousand other things bring on quarrels, and sometimes they just seem to come on of themselves. How hard it is for us to find another will running across our own like a mill-race through a garden. How hard it is to deal daily with opinions and habits differing antipodally from those we have cherished longest. How hard it is to be always yielding and giving up to some one else. To what two people did life ever look the same? Who ever saw a couple whose opinions did not often clash like swords? When you stop to think of it, nothing can be more wonderful or beautiful than the welding of two strong wills and the melting of two proud spirits into one.

It would be sublime if people never did quarrel; but they do—and therefore it is a matter of the greatest importance that they should know how to "make up" afterward. No quarrel is ever rightly "made up" without downright confession and whole-hearted forgiveness.

The confession of a wrong is a necessity, both to the soul that perpetrates it and to the one which is its victim. You may wish it was not so. People wish they could escape toothache without filling or extraction, but nature has willed it otherwise. No

wrongdoer ever feels a true self-respect without confession. He realizes that he ought to admit his error and that nothing but obstinacy restrains him. It is ignominious and cowardly not to do it, and he is ashamed of himself. This mortification must be repressed in order to insure mental rest, and so he puts on a bold front and bluffs it down, an act which stimulates his egotism and hardens his heart. He becomes proud, cold and brutal. All his finer feelings die.

Confession is also a necessity for the injured one. We are so made that injury hurts. The soul suffers as the body does. Pain is the fundamental element in self-preservation. If it did not hurt to be insulted and wronged we should become the passive victims of injustice and wrong. It does hurt, and this hurt has but a single healing lotion. We dream of relief through revenge, but it is only a dream. Revenge emitters and hardens. There is only one balm, and that is the acknowledgment of the wrong by the one who has inflicted the wound. Nothing is more mysterious and wonderful than the curative power of confession. It soothes the pain and draws the poison from the sore. It is water on fire and oil on water.

But forgiveness is as imperative a necessity as "confession." It is passing strange, but it is unequivocally true that a quarrel cannot be made up without a free pardon. The heart that has been hurt can be relieved and restored to its original state of good will only when that divine sentiment has exuded, as gums exude from wounded trees. The bitterness is drained out by the act of pardon. If you refuse to forgive you will feel unworthy and be unhappy. And as for the one who has acknowledged the fault, nothing is more certain than that he will be exasperated by your not forgiving him.

This spiritual "confession and pardon" is the most beautiful phenomenon in nature. It is the cure for all mental unhappiness. Hearts capable of performing these two sublime acts will love forever. The deepest and sweetest experiences of their lives will be "making up" their quarrels. Just as divided electric currents reunite when passing through two poles of a battery, their love will mingle through confession and pardon. And so when you and John read this article by the fireside open your hearts to each other. Confess the sin, forgive the wrong and you will love more deeply than you have loved before.

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

## HOW HE DID THE CHORES

Wound Up the Music Box and Put His Corkscrew in the Barometer.

"You needn't wait for me," explained the head of the house; "I have a dinner engagement, an important business affair, and no doubt I shall be kept quite late."

At breakfast next morning an ominous silence had fallen upon all. The head of the house had no appetite and was evidently far from feeling well. After a painful silence the husband, without meeting his wife's eye, essayed to start conversation.

It's funny about that clock," he said. "It's stopped, and I'm sure I wound it last night."

"You are mistaken," said his wife, jolly; "you wound up Willie's music box instead and it played 'Home, Sweet Home' till daylight. The clock in the hall has also stopped, but I find that you screwed your corkscrew into the barometer."

## COVERED WITH HIVES.

Child a Mass of Dreadful Sores, Itching, Irritating Humor for 2 Months—Little Sufferer in Terrible Plight.

Disease Cured by Cuticura.

"My six year old daughter had the dreadful disease called hives for two months. She became affected by playing with children who had it. By scratching she caused large sores which were irritating. Her body was a complete sore but it was worse on her arms and back. We employed a physician who left medicine but it did not help her and I tried several remedies but without avail. Seeing the Cuticura Remedies advertised, I thought I would try them. I gave her a hot bath daily with Cuticura Soap and anointed her body with Cuticura Ointment. The first treatment relieved the itching and in a short time the disease disappeared. Mrs. George L. Fridhoff, Warren, Mich., June 30 and July 13, 1905."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Hypocrite in the Hereafter.

Dr. Madison C. Peters was discussing the question, "Will the coming man marry?" He instanced a certain type of bachelor.

"This man," he said, "is a hypocrite. He uses his religion as a cloak."

"And what will he do in the next world, eh?" said the reporter.

"Oh," said Dr. Peters, "he won't need any cloak there."

Itching Piles Permanently Cured by a Jar of Resinol Ointment.

About three weeks since I was suffering agony from itching piles, I got a sample jar of Resinol and after bathing with warm water and applying the Resinol, I was in a few days entirely relieved of the itching and believe I am permanently cured.

W. W. Evans, Carrollton, Ky.

"Does an automobile help you to forget your troubles?" Yes," answered Mr. Chuggins, thoughtfully; "my other troubles."—Washington Star.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar. You pay 10c for cigars not so good.

Many a man attributes his business success to the fact that his wife needs the money.



## Opening of Cheyenne River Indian Reservation (2,800,000 Acres)

Register for a free homestead October 4th to 23rd. The Commissioner of the General Land Office at Washington has designated

**Le Beau and Aberdeen, S. Dak.**

as registration points. These cities are reached best by the Iowa Central Ry. and

**The Minneapolis & St. Louis R. R.**

Le Beau is the Gateway to the Reservation and the only registration point where the lands can be seen from the town.

The country is fertile and well watered—the equal in all respects of land a few miles east that sells for \$25.00 per acre.

Frequent trains and low fares. Full information on request.

For rates, etc., write or ask any agent of the Iowa Central or Minneapolis & St. Louis R. R. or

**A. B. CUTTS, General Passenger and Ticket Agent**  
Minneapolis, Minnesota

## Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

Cleanses the System Effectually.

Dispels colds and Headaches due to Constipation.

Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative.

Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old.

To get its beneficial effects, always buy the Genuine, manufactured by the

**CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.**

SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS

one size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle.



## A Natural Strength Giver

Ordinary tonics that merely supply food material and give artificial strength by stimulation are never lasting in their effects because they do not remove the cause of the ill health.

A "run down" condition is generally due to the failure of the digestive organs to properly digest the food.

## DR. D. JAYNE'S TONIC-VERMIFUGE

tones up the stomach and other digestive organs, and restores their normal, healthy condition. Then the digestive organs supply the body with its full share of nourishment, and in this way build up permanent health and strength.

Sold by all druggists 2 sizes, 50c and 35c.

Dr. D. Jayne's Expecterant is an invaluable medicine for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Pleurisy, etc.

## Cheap Homes for the Million

Along the Kansas City Southern Ry.

In Missouri, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Texas and Louisiana.

Write for copy of "Current Events"

Gulf Coast Book, etc., to

F. E. ROESLER, Land Commissioner, K.C.S. Ry.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

## Readers

of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should trust upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

## LIVE STOCK AND MISCELLANEOUS ELECTROTYPES

In great variety for sale at the lowest prices by WESTERN NEWSPAPER EXCH., 18 W. Adams St., Chicago.

SEND 50c to the "GATE WAY" for massive, reliable information, maps and book of the best opening of fertile land. HAYSTACK INFORMATION BUREAU, Montpelier, South Dakota.

IOWA FARMS \$1.00 PER ACRE

CASH BALANCE \$ CROP 1910 2 1/2 YEARS 1911 1912

DEFIANCE Cold Water Starch makes laundry work a pleasure. 16 c. per box.